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A Silent Shadow



135 2 10

Chapter 1 by Wesley C-1

It was a quiet night. The stifling silence only broken by the occasional hooting of an owl. Large dark trees stretched towards the omniscient sky, as if asking to be freed from the wretched grounds in which they were rooted. And wretched indeed was the ground. It had seen many murders, felt pools of blood, and heard the maniacal laughter of escaped convicts. It was, to summarize, just a typical, forlorn, evil bit of woods, all capped off by its name. The Dark Hallows. And in order to keep pace with its heavy cliché our story now enters upon its main character. A quiet, careful man by the name of Anthony Shillings, who is currently running for his life.

Chapter 2 by Wesley C-1



Thin, sharp branches lashed at Anthony's arms, ripping his fine clothes and puncturing his finer skin. This however, only quickened his pace, for it is pure human instinct for one to push their body to limits never before seen, if only to avoid danger. It was such primitive instinct that had saved his life many a times before, however this he feared he would not be so lucky.

Looking behind him Anthony saw that the creature had grown closer, and in panic he drew out his loaded pistol and frantically shot at it.

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no sound It drew in close to him, red eyes glaring out at him from under its cloak. Just as it prepared to pounce, the man vanished.

Screeching to a halt, the creature did a quick 360, but concluded in the seconds that the man was no where nearby. Scanning the ground, the shadow noticed something it had not before. A dark metal hatch, heavily bolted into the strong foundation of the earth. One that could only be opened by a signal. One that no amount of strength could ever move it an inch from the ground.

And realizing that it had lost its prey, the creature began to tremble. An aura of darkness seemed to encircle it, speaking of sinister deeds, unforgivably hatred. And just when it seemed like there was so much energy that the dead trees around the shadow might materialize, it screamed. A loud piercing one that told of death and despair and destruction. The air around the shadow seemed to bend, as if being manipulated. And just when the horrific noise reached its climax, it stopped.

All noise stopped, and there was no echo. There was no sign that such a creature had ever existed. Just a dark group of trees, and a bunker in the ground. If one was to visit the Dark Hallows then, they would not suspect a thing. But then again, all the best secrets of the world are well kept.

Chapter 3 by mareep



Anthony tried to make it out, and to his credit, almost did. Some people, however, have the terrible habit of thinking they're safe when they are the exact opposite. Dark Hollow would add another victim to it's roster. and the creature , while not dead, would not disturb the eerie silence of the Hollow.

Many years would pass before the Hollow had it's next visitor. Emily had no unique traits other then the fact that her silky smooth skin was covered all most head to toe in purple and black splotches. She was not running like Anthony had been, yet had a terrified look on her face. Unfortunately for Emily the night she had entered the Hollow was the same night that the creature had enough strength to appear in the forest once more. It's shriek echoed throughout

the hollow once more and Emily had become the creature's newest prey

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